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Title: TWTs LORE BOOK 3

Author: TWT Loremaster

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9/1/03-----11:00 A.M.

Draken sat at the table alone, as he often would. His thoughts drifted back over the years, touching on key moments in time.

His flight from his birthland almost 300 (3 real years) years ago. His first moments on the lands of Atlantic, and his vow not to channel the One Power after casting on the attractive young girl on the docks.

The years he had worked to become a Master Swordsman and Duelist.

The Aes Sedai and her Warder finding him at a Duel, and chasing him yet again. That moment in time set him on his path that seemed to be his calling.

It was at that point that Draken decided to accept his gift, and relish in what he was blessed with. The ability to channel the One Power.

He set a Guild Stone so that others like him would have a place to work their craft, and do so together.

That was over 150 years ago, and although those were days to be remembered, something was missing.

Draken stood deciding he would take a much needed trip to town to clear his mind.

9/1/03-----6:00 P.M.

As Draken walked along the bridge into the Town of Vesper, a relaxed feeling came over him. For the first time in many years, he felt at ease.

He walked along the stream towards the bank, ever aware of those around him. Rarely coming to this town, and not sure what brought him here today, he knew few faces.

As Draken walked towards the magery shop across from the bank, a soft, delicate voice stopped him, "Excuse me Sir."

Draken turned slowly, she possessed the ability to channel the One Power. He felt it the moment he set eyes on her. His senses heightened, his guard suddenly raised.

"Yes M'Lady?"

The conversation that ensued was a simple one. Draken did not lower his guard, but felt something between them, a connection he shared with her.

His thoughts drifted back yet again, as his eyes did not leave hers as they spoke.

Draken stood on the docks, a woman, crying, ran by him. He focused on her back, casting a blessing on her. She spun around, her eyes meeting his.

Draken stood at the Mage Shop in Vesper, his eyes meeting those same eyes. Her hair dark with reddish highlights, the outfit she wore showing Draken she was indeed well aware of what thoughts it put in mens

minds.

Draken was so intoxicated with her beauty, and her subtle power, he found it hard to concentrate.

Before Draken knew what he was agreeing to, they had set a date to adventure together.

She left that day with a smile, and a simple, "My name is Tabitha."

And she was gone.  
9/4/03-----9"00 A.M.

TWT Loremaster sat at his writing table, resting his eyes a moment. He woke to the flicker of one of the candles, that gave his home light on this dark evening.

The storm outside had raged for more than two weeks now.

As The Loremaster started to write again his thoughts went back over his last few days of keeping Time.

The day Tabitha, TWT's Amyrlin Seat, had disappeared from TWT Guild was the day the storm had begun.

This storm was not simply nature's doing, it had a sinister feel to it. Not much unlike the Amyrlin Seat now being missing.

For close to 200 years (2 real years) Tabitha and Draken had seen The Wheel of Time Guild reach glorious heights with the help of the best and most loyal Members of any Guild in Sosaria. Yet many others still held ill will towards TWT for one reason or another.

Tabitha bore the brunt of those wishing TWT to fail, and it wore on her. Whether that was in the

form of constant verbal abuse towards her, or physical attacks, they both came relentlessly.

Tabitha and Draken had rebuilt TWT, those 200 years ago, by recruiting and guilding only the most trustworthy and loyal members. While a few people would slip thru hoping to create problems it was a rare occurrence, and they would be quickly disgarded and named an enemy of the guild.

Did one of those cast out of TWT have a hand in Tabithas disappearance?

Or was this something much more devious???

The Loremaster straightened up his writing table, deciding he would retire for the evening for some much needed sleep.

As he lay his head down his final thoughts before drifting off were:

Will this storm ever end, or will it be the end???

9/4/03-----3:00 P.M.

Draken paced the floors of TWT's GH.

For going on 3 weeks his Amyrlin Seat, and his Bond, was missing!!!

As Draken had always done, and was his way, he thought the worst.

He knew TWT had its fair share of enemies that would be happy at tearing at TWT's foundation, and ridding themselves of Tabitha.

Over the years they had met countless challenges head on, and come out victorious.

They had brought together some of the best, most loyal, people on Atlantic to form one of the top guilds in Sosaria. He could not

bring himself to believe,  
after all that they  
shared, she was now  
gone forever.

His hands went to his  
face rubbing, clearing his  
thoughts.

And other thoughts  
rushed in.

Draken sat in his chair  
and looked longingly over  
at his Bonds seat.

Sitting at the stone  
table that they had so  
many times interviewed  
potential members, or  
shared one another's  
thoughts, he began to  
write.

Draken outlined a  
Quest. The search for  
Tabitha, TWT's Amyrlin  
Seat, and bringing her  
back safely to her  
rightful place, and home.

As his ideas flowed to  
quill, then parchment, he  
grew more hopeful with  
each word he wrote.

Draken knew he would  
need the help of the  
best guild he had ever  
known, TWT, if he was  
ever to have any hope at  
finding Tabitha.

He set each note to  
pigeon, to all Guildmates  
that would answer, and  
waited for the replies.  
9/6/03-----7:00 P.M.

Draken Korin's call to  
The Wheel of Time did  
not go unanswered by its  
staunch members.

Quickly they came  
from lands far off and  
close by, dropping all  
things that they were  
doing, important or  
otherwise. They were  
eager to join in the  
Quest for Tabitha, TWT's  
Amyrlin Seat.

Campfires were set  
and lit in front of the  
TWT Guild House on the  
lawn. Members, old  
companions and new,

shared story after story  
of information they had  
gathered in their travels,  
of Tabitha's whereabouts.

On the second night  
Draken-Korin, looking  
tired and worn, came  
before the assembled  
TWT members. His voice  
weary, bitter tears filling  
his eyes as he told all  
attending what little news  
he had on Tabitha's  
disappearance.

Suddenly, the noise of  
a horn being blown filled  
the air. Cheers rose  
from both the masses of  
TWT Town citizens and  
those riding forth in the  
Quest.

Draken-Korin turned,  
walking back into the  
Guild House, as those  
members taking the Quest  
upon themselves took to  
their mounts.

As the riders rode out  
of Town the  
even louder, the sounds  
of the horns barely  
heard.

Thus ending TWT's  
Lore from my  
perspective, and hopefully  
beginning yours.

Thanks for reading.